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STANZAS,

ON A MOST INTELLIGENT YOUNG LADY,

Written at the request of a friend.

DEAR Winning ! since you so desire,
That I once more should tune the lyre,
Of late untun'd so long ;
Thy own Melinda's praise I'll tell,
And with her bright perfections swell
The measures of my song.

With joy I'll still recall that night,
When first she met my eager sight,
I thought not then to find,
Though high her worth you had pourtray'd,
So bright, unparallel'd a maid,
In manners and in mind !

Her looks my first attention caught,
They shew'd a mind correct in thought,
Good natur'd, free, and warm,
And when she spoke, the pleasing tone,
Made every listening ear her own,
And we enjoy'd the charm.

Each sentence seemed to flow unsought,
And flow'd, with bright ideas fraught,
In elegance array'd ;—
Their stores the intellectual band,
Obedient brought at her command,
And lavish'd on the maid !

What signifies the boasted shew,
That makes the baughty beauty glow,
If empty be the mind !
Let such in gaudy splendor roll,
Melinda boasts the charms of soul,
And leaves them far behind !

In vain, my friend, to eyes like thine,
Can all their useless gliding shine,
You love the BETTER part ;
The maid who has a taste refin'd,
The maid who has Melinda's mind,
Alone can touch your heart.

M^EERIN.

Larne, Aug. 15, 1810.

LAMBERT,

Or the Compassionate School-boy.

His heart, estranged from cruel sport, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing. BEATTIE.

" YOU will not entice me along,"
Said Lambert, Compassion's sweet child ;
To play-mates who pass'd in a throng
To plunder a nest on the wild.
" I must from such pastime refrain ;
My mother, who bless now receives,
Forbade me to sport with the pain
Of any one creature that lives.

" The mis'rabie bird," she would say,
" That droops o'er her desolate nest,
Shares grief great as mine, on the day
When bad men your brothers impress'd ;

The cock that for carnage they heel,
The bull that they bait with their hounds,
Can pain e'en as sensibly feel
As themselves when they strive and get
wounds.

When panting and smoking, the steed
Mid mire, foam, and gore scours the
plain,
Who but mourns that so noble a breed
By base man was tam'd to the rein ?
When the carter's club beats till he
groan,

The dumb drudge that sinks on the road,
Who but hopes, that on Barb'ry's coast
thrown,
Some savage that clown may o'erload ?

If a sparrow falls not to the ground
Unnoticed by pitying Heav'n ;
And a stupid ass speech strangely found,
By a hypocrite cruelly driv'n ;
What dovers who harmless herds stave,
What butchers, who torture protract,
Shock Heaven's kind eye—wherec they
sweave—

Ne'er share in a similar act"—

" Though sots in our kind-hearted Isle"
To my sire, said our teacher this morn
" Defend each old custom though vile,
And name Pagan virtues with scorn ;
By *Pythag'ras*, the mild Grecian guide,
And the *Bramin* of India they're shamed,
Such saints would with famine have died
Ere they'd have one animal main'd."

Thro' life to remembrance I'll bring
These sentiments tender and just ;
Nor from insect of an pluck a wing,
Nor trample the reptile of dust.
" Nor we," cried the groupe, who with
shame

And joy, mix'd a smile with a blush—
A linnet with that homeward came,
But they turned from her sweet scented
bush. J.O.

Ballycarry.

AN EVENING PIECE.

BEHIND an envious cloud the sun de-
clines,
His parting ray the mountain top il-
lumes,
Slowly the empire of the day resigns,
And night encroaching, her dark reign
resumes.

A hazy mist enshrouds the mountain's
head,
And slow descending spreads along the
plain ;
The Western sky is ting'd with streaks of
red,
The vivid glow's reflected on the main,